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TAINTER GENEALOGY ADDITION
1859–1960

Ensign George Washington Tainter

Enlisted under the first call of the Civil War; 18th Massachusetts Regiment, April 19, 1861 till Oct., 1862 and U. S. Navy, Oct., 1862 till 1865.

TAINTER GENEALOGY ADDITION

1859-1960

Memoirs Copied From Diary of
Ensign George Washington Tainter No. 420

Edited With Appendix and
Notes by

DR. GEORGE W. TAINTER, JR.
(8th GENERATION)

130 McDONOUGH STREET
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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Memoirs copied from the diary of Ensign George Washington Tainter No. 420 (7th generation) being the son of Captain D. A. Tainter No. 213 (6th generation) whose ancestry landed at Watertown, Plymouth Bay, in 1638 from Wales, England.

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130 McDonough St.
St. Charles, Mo.

Ensign George Washington Tainter
With an old flag from the *U.S.S. Choctaw,* of which he was commander.

Col. George W. Tainter, Sr.
Member of Official Staff, selected by Governor Hadley of Missouri.

Preface

This little volume embraces principally a biography of Ensign George Washington Tainter No. 420 but also has some brief notes pertaining to three brothers—namely, Ensign Dean W., William W., Daniel H. H.—all of whom have records of nearly four years service in the Civil War and a safe return.

The compilation of the biography was acquired from a diary and quite a bit of his own correspondence. Since much comedy and tragedy is entwined therein, the author concluded to quote much of it verbatim and thereby retain the enviable personality.

The author has added an abridged contribution, associated data, also an appendix. All this might be of some value whenever a second edition of the Tainter Family History is edited by some ambitious Tainter of the future.

There may be some descendants who do not possess a copy of the original Tainter Family History and seeing this compilation might wonder "what all this is about." For them, the back portion of the Appendix has abbreviated portions copied from the old original genealogy, dating 1859.

Ensign Dean W. Tainter No. 417 deserves the profoundest gratitude of every Tainter descendant since, through his own energy, time, and expense, he compiled and edited the history and genealogy of descendants of Joseph Taynter dating from 1613 through to 1859.

Geo. W. Tainter, Jr.
8th Generation
St. Charles, Mo.
1961

MEMOIRS COPIED FROM DIARY OF

Ensign George Washington Tainter

No. 420

(7th Generation)

SON OF

Capt. Daniel A. Tainter No. 213

(6th Generation)

WHOSE ANCESTORS LANDED AT WATERTOWN, PLYMOUTH BAY
IN 1638 FROM WALES, ENGLAND

IN BRIEF, I was born July 26, 1841 and lived in Boston, Mass. not far from Boston Commons and used to sail my toy boats on what was called "Frog Pond." When I was about 7 years old my parents moved to Charlestown. We lived on Bunker Hill near where powder was stored in the Revolutionary War. My great-grandfather, Eaires Tainter, was on duty there as guard. He was one of the Minute Men in the Watertown Company and marched to Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, and the siege of Boston under Washington.

While living at Charlestown, Father died when I was 13 years of age—1854. There were five of us children; four boys and a daughter. Mother, now being a widow, was left with a good residence and some money. But for guidance, support, and advice, Mother leaned upon my two older brothers aged 20 and 18.

About that time, one of our intimate friends and neighbors, named Wm. Furbush, concluded to remove to Freedom on a farm and wanted to take a boy to the country with him for company, etc. He had a young wife and a baby boy. As a boy with enthusiastic ideas of living on a farm, I persuaded my dear Mother of sweet memory to let me go, and my two older brothers favored it. I, as a city boy, was only too eager to go, so I went with the Furbushes to Freedom, May 1st, 1855. Furbush made a

stiff agreement that I was to remain until I became 18 years of age (July 26, 1859).

The railroad then ran only to Great Falls about 100 miles from Boston, so the balance, about 25 miles, was in the old-fashioned Stage Coach. It also carried mail. About two miles before we halted up at the Wayside Tavern where the Post Office seemed to be, the coach driver blew a horn and it sounded over hill and dale.

When we arrived, the people from all over the country-side seemed to have come in, either from force of habit, or to get their mail, or just out of curiosity. At Effingham, there was an unusually large crowd and my youthful mind was aroused when I noticed a leader, as he appeared, ordered everyone to fall back and form a circle across the road on a level and smooth patch of ground.

I soon ascertained that a wrestling match was on hand, and as it seemed, more or less betting going on—one of the wrestlers was our coach driver, his name was Clough. However, they tossed up to see if it would be arms length, "Side Hugs" or "Back Hugs." Well, arms length won and the gladiators, as it were, went at it and you bet they made the dust fly. For a while they seemed to be equally matched; apparently it would be a matter of wind, who would stand the longest. The red haired fellow (all were young men, very skillful) seemed to be getting winded. They caught each others feet, but by some adroit movement, each seemed to recover and land upright. At last our driver Drake somehow yanked his antagonist and his feet flew in the air like a flash and he came down flat on his back. There was a great roar and hurrahs. I joined in it not hardly knowing why, only that our driver had won. At this time, the hour of rest and feed for the horses had expired and the Hotel or Postmaster rang "all aboard" and we pursued our journey on to Freedom, arriving there near sundown.

That night we stayed all night at Furbush's relatives, (since, due to sickness, no one met us at Freedom)—everyone here seemed to be related and we were welcomed. I never have forgotten those nice old-time biscuits we had that night for supper with maple syrup—the first I had ever tasted. Of course, I had eaten maple sugar, but in syrup form it was something new for a city boy.

I noticed for the first time a large fireplace that I often had read of. Well, here it was in all its splendor, and they baked those delicious biscuits in what they called a Yankee Baker—it was a sort of tin canopy placed before the fireplace and the heat rebounded and baked the biscuits.

I had a boy's appetite and did justice to all that was set before me, which seemed to please my host.

Upon reaching the Farm place in the month of May, 1855, the spring was in good earnest. I think it was the Elysium period as all farms were in the height of cultivation—grass in the fields up to one's shoulder—myriads of cattle roaming over the hill and mountain side with the beautiful Ossipee Lake gleaming in the sunlight—ducks and geese sporting on the surface in joyous career—luxurious crops planted everywhere appealed to me, a city boy.

I could hardly contain my happiness at such a change. "Uncle Bill" employed but one hand, so the first year I was but a chore boy.

Furbush was to give me at least four or five months school but he fell short of all this—but supplied me plentifully with the hard tasks; picking rocks, plowing and mowing; but it did not hurt me. It prepared me for a more strenuous life that held later in the Civil War.

Mrs. Furbush was a dear, good woman. The first year I was a general helper around the house, washing dishes, churning the butter; I learned to milk cows and work in the garden. The first year I was not required much in the field as help had been hired.

Being ambitious to learn everything, in due time I learned to drive oxen and, when plowing, it seemed to be the most skillful part to drive as slowly as possible—this on account of the rocky land. If the plow struck a large boulder there was danger of breaking the point, if not, the plow would fly sky high and the fellow that handled the plow was lucky if the handle did not take him under the short rib or on the left ear.

The poor devil usually got eloquent and uttered cuss words, hardly found in dictionaries.

Furbush called his oxen Buck and Broad and I got so interested in driving them that, they said, I often called "Ho, Buck" —"Gee, Broad" in my sleep.

That first year I went with Furbush and the oxen team over

to Effingham Falls to get a load of sand and perhaps to get a drink. He left me with the ox team on the road.

Soon he appeared and waved with his hand for me to come on, then he went back again into the bar-room. Well, as I said, driving oxen was yet new to me and I had quite a job to start the team. In fact, inadvertently, I happened to use the end of the goad (stick) containing the iron tack. Off they started pell-mell and soon were headed for a large basket of cabbage that was on the platform of the Tavern porch. I took in the situation in time, but did not know how to head off the onslaught.

I called, "Whoa, Whoa!!" but nary a stop would they. I thought of the goad but I knew the end with the sharp nail would not do, it would lend wings to their flight in no time. They reached the basket of cabbage, at the same time, ramming the wagon tongue through the bannister fence of the platform. That brought the landlord out. He began swearing like an army mule driver. He asked, "What in H— are you trying to do?" I meekly told him, "Nothing," that it was the oxen that was doing and, if it had not been for the basket of cabbage, I believe the oxen would have gone into the front door of the bar-room.

By that time, Furbush came on the scene and explained that I was a city boy who knew nothing about ox driving. The Tavern Keeper went in muttering something about my being a green horn, and it hurt me to the core. I never got over it, as up to that time I had been taught that Green Horns was one sure crop in the country.

* * * * *

Some fifty years later, while on a visit from Missouri to my relatives in Boston, I visited Freedom two days. As I stopped an hour at Effingham Falls, an old mercantile store building was yet there but the merchant had long passed to his reward. The merchant inquired who I was and if he could do anything for me. I asked him if he bought furs, coon and polecat skins. He replied, no, that there were but few ever brought in and said, "Why do you ask?" I replied that nearly fifty years ago I walked from Bill Furbush's farm, some ten miles near Freedom, to this store with some polecat skins and sold the lot for 40 cents. They all laughed and gathered around me. One old grey-headed man said, "Mister, I knew Bill Furbush and remember seeing you at

his farm. I bought a calf of his once." Well, by further talk, when I told him that I was a Veteran of the Civil War, he warmed up and said that he had a son killed at Vicksburg. I told him that I was there in that battle and that my gunboat fired hundreds of shots and shells over our army boys' heads into Vicksburg and that I was there when the Confederates surrendered to Grant with some forty thousand troops. This was on 4th of July, 1865.

My, the old man just got wild and nearly hugged me with joy. He said, "Do come home with me and stay a week. My wife must see you. I must talk with you and a *long* talk. Our heart was with you boys down South and my son would go to help but never to return."

Upon my return a few days later, I gave the passenger driver 25¢ extra to allow me an hour to visit with these old people. I found the people fairly prosperous and happy. An enterprise had been established there and large families would take goods home and sew them together. I believe they sewed a pair of pants for 18¢—it was all done by hand. I presume a person had to hustle in order to make a dollar a day.

I visited Furbush but two days. He was living in town. He kept a sort of private boarding house. Andrew, his brother, once said William was born tired. He was intensely vain and spent much time before a mirror parting his hair, not only in front, but also behind like they used to do years ago. I have seen him primping an hour at a time, making wry faces to see the contrast from normal to distorted faces.

My entire vacation was cut short as I held the position as County Treasurer four years at home in Missouri and had to meet with the County Court.

While I always practiced my profession "Dentistry," most of the time my son was deputy, as I said.

* * * * *

Now, referring back to the end of the 4½ year agreement, when I became 18 years of age July 26, 1859, I helped temporarily as a clerk a few months in a local store, and when the Civil War came on April, 1861, I enlisted under the first call by President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers on the 19th of April, 1861. For sentimental reasons I enlisted at Watertown, April 19,

1861, the same month and date, the 86th year anniversary since my great grand-father enlisted in the Revolutionary War.

I was in the army in Gen. Hooker's Division, 16th Mass. Regiment, Co. K. Our division was under Gen. McClellen—commander-in-chief. We passed all through the Peninsular Campaign. I was stationed at Fortress Monroe, Va. on the Chesepeake Bay under intensive drill, learning the duties of a soldier. In the early Spring of 1862 we witnessed the Naval Battle of Hampton Roads between the Confederate iron-claded vessel "Merrimac" and the U. S. Frigate "Cumberland and Congress," the latter being fine but a wooden vessel; it was the pride of the old Navy before ironclad came in vogue.

The next day the Erickson *Monitor* had arrived on the scene of action and we, as troops camped on the shore, witnessed that Naval Battle. It seemed to be Greek against Greek—both ironclad, but far different in make.

The Monitor had a low flat surface deck near the water's edge with an iron turret in the center where the two cannons were. The Confederates aptly said it looked like a Yankee cheesebox on a raft and very hard to hit at a distance. But the *Merrimac* was a huge vessel with sloping sides, easy to hit but almost invulnerable to penetrate.

After some five hours of hard hitting, the *Merrimac* withdrew; some 17 of her crew were killed. It is generally conceded that it was a "draw battle."

Later, (a month) the Confederates blew her up (their own vessel) near the mouth of the James River, rather than surrender her, as she was unable to escape by Fort Monroe and the *Monitor* to get out to sea. It also was my fortune, while on guard near Norfolk, to witness the explosion of the *Merrimac.* Her antagonist, the *Monitor,* later was sunk in a storm while passing Cape Hatteras, N. Carolina.

My division was directly commanded by Joe Hooker, a Major General and our first engagement included the seige of Yorktown, April, 1862.

After a few days or weeks the Confederate Army evacuated Yorktown and that put us in hot pursuit. (It was proven later the Confederate scheme was to draw us away from the base—Fort Monroe.) However, we pursued up to Willingsburg, thence through the Chicahominy Swamps with severe skirmishing to

near a fierce battle. It seemed to me a give and take affair, every morning the roll call grew less; all this was in June, 1862. Then came an order to change base for a retreat diagonally towards Richmond. The thick brush and poor roads had to be left for the army trains to go on, but we poor devils fell back through the swampy woods, sometimes wading through mud and holding our guns and cartridge box over our heads to keep them dry. Upon reaching high ground, our big battle was at Glen Dale on the Frazer Farm.

Our Colonel, Powell T. Wyman, called and asked me for a drink; he said he was almost famished. It was the first or second of July,—very hot down in Virginia. I had my canteen filled with black coffee that I had managed to get during a lull in the battle. Colonel Wyman was mounted and, just as he finished drinking from my canteen and passed it back with thanks, a rain of bullets, shot, and shell poured over us. A bullet struck Col. Wyman in the breast and he careened in his saddle falling toward us. I, with a comrade named George Ridley, caught him and bore him to the ground. He was stone dead. We rushed back to our line which was along a rail fence on Frazer's farm. Not far from the company's farm house we took point-blank aim over the rails and our second volley stood the Rebels off, mostly by the help of a New York battery that was on our right flank that poured manipulating fire of canister that swept them down like grass before a mower. Suffice it to say, the Rebels fell on that field and we slept on the ground that night with the dead and wounded, groaning of both armies. One thing I later ascertained, in that battery, which consisted of six cannons, there was John Furbush, a nephew of Wm. Furbush the man I lived with. He was raised near Lebanon, Maine. I met him later while we were resting up at Harrison Landing.

We wound up that Summer Campaign of 1862 at the Battle of Melvern Hills. July 3rd, 1862 I went into camp on the James River Harrison Landing and was not bothered by the Rebels and got well rested for about four weeks.

Later in August, news came that Lee was pushing our General Pope's Army down in the Shenandoah Valley towards Washington. McClellen got a hurried call to return to Washington. We marched all night about 25 miles East of Yorktown. McClellen had about sixty thousand troops left. During the sum-

mer, he had lost some thirty thousand, killed and wounded, and had no Richmond capture, nothing but experience gained; but, as Sherman said, "War is Hell." We all were loaded on steamships and rushed around the Chesepeake Bay up the Potomac to the rescue of Washington. Our division was landed at Alexandria, Va. six miles from Washington. We slept on the sidewalk that night. About three A.M. the long roll sounded to "Fall in Line." What's up? Don't ask me, we're told "only obey orders." Soon we were hustled in stock or freight cars, inside and on top. The train took us beyond Warrenton, near the Bull Run Battlegrounds of the year before. We had just time for our cooks to issue some salt beef and a chunk of bacon and hard crackers. It all tasted good but a breakfast at our homes would have tasted better; but no one grumbled, one more battle we thought might finish the War, and it did for many who never returned.

About 10:00 A.M., Lee's Army reached us from Richmond and the battle was on. Our old Peninsular Army was not all in line, so that it was easier for Lee to battle us in detail. If we had all been in line and with General Pope's Army, we could have vanquished Lee's Army. This was the second Bull Run Battle. The battle raged more or less several days. On the second day, the rebels under Longstreet came in full force. Our regiment was supporting a battery and builders and shells flew thick and fast. We were standing off the rebels all night, but our ground was strewn with dead and wounded. On the 27th of Aug., 1862, a shell exploded in front of our company and a piece cut out part of my left cheek. The concussion seemed to draw the breath out of me and I fell unconscious. By that time our army had changed position and I was inside the Rebel lines, surrounded by the dead and wounded from both sides.

A Confederate Doctor dressed my lacerated cheek, using a solution to ward off the myriads of flies that covered us, as our wounds were being flyblown thick and fast. Bandage cloth was scarce and my shirt served the purpose, which was also shared for some others. The Doctor's assistant told me that the Doctor was a Georgia Confederate but had a wife who was a Northern lady from Worchester, Mass. and had him promise extra treatment if he ever was called to treat a Massachusetts soldier. He gave me good treatment and, while my jaw was some swollen, I could walk. After a few days we were taken (some 300) to near

Harper's Ferry and passed into our lines. Later we went by rail to Columbus, Ohio and I remained several weeks till discharged from the Army.

While at this time I would like to have returned home, we all thought the war would soon end and by October I had completely recovered.

Navy

In about a month, recovering to normal condition, I concluded to re-enlist in the U. S. Navy. My oldest brother, Dean, was a Navy officer stationed at Cairo, Ill. where I enlisted October, 1862, as my brother advised me to. I was detailed as clerk in the Paymaster's Department of the Gun Boat "Silver Lake" under Admiral Porter.

Well, now I was a sailor boy, my first love. I was examined as to my qualifications. The Paymaster is required not only to keep the sailors' accounts of pay but also issue provisions and clothing to the sailors. So my duties were clerical on the vessel. I was placed on the gun-boat "Silver Lake"—a former steam boat now cut down—all the cabin work in sight was ironcladed. It was at least bullet proof and suitable for the Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers which protected the transport of troops and supplies to the Army on the Mississippi to Vicksburg and thence to near New Orleans.

Now, after three months, which carried on to January, 1863, the rebel General Forrest with several thousand troops tried to retake Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River, Tennessee. General Grant had taken it the year before—1862. Fort Donelson only had a small garrison and it was an important point for the Confederates to blockade the river.

My vessel's first trip, with one other gun boat, was to escort some half-dozen steamboats up the Cumberland River, Tennessee. That move was laden with provisions and ammunition—February, 1863—my first trip as a Navy man. We got word of the Rebel assault late in the afternoon, being several miles away. Well, we came on the scene in the nick of time. It was dark but the Colonel at the Fort signalled to us how matters stood. He later came down the river in a skiff in the darkness and explained where Gen. Forrest had his troops massed for a final attack in the morning.

Our gun boat was anchored in the middle of the river and commanded a certain ravine, and the other gun boat covered a certain road on the east upper side of the fort.

The rebel sharp-shooters were up in the trees and in the bushes close to the river edge and when we ran out our cannon and opened up the port holes, they would aim for us behind the cannon. As I was an old veteran from the Potomac, I knew just what medicine to give them. Our cannons were discharging shells over their heads to explode miles beyond and did little execution.

As we were short of a full crew, the No. 4 port cannon had but four sailors and should have had nine. I belonged to the Paymaster's Department, hence had nothing to do with the cannons. As I could hear the pattering of rifle bullets on our casement, it aroused my old Army spirit and I got permission to help work the cannon that was short of men. Instead of loading and fusing the large shells that went several miles before exploding, I, having charge of No. 4 cannon called for canister shot (in tin cans filled with bullets). The gun was now ready with the canister, we ran "Old Tom" out and pointed it into those tree tops; —the way the poor fellows came down pell-mell, gun and mangled bodies, was a caution. The other cannons on my vessel followed my example and in less than two hours the rebels halted the siege and withdrew—leaving that part of the river country clear.

As my gun boat was newly fitted out, most of my cannon crew were landsmen from Illinois and Indiana farms and never were under fire. While I noticed at first their faces and lips were somewhat pale, they never flinched; they seemed to have confidence in me as they knew I was an Army soldier. I told them it seemed to me a snap to stand on a wooden deck, as I had fought standing in mud and water at Chicahominy Swamp down in Virginia. Well, the Captain said my cannon had done equally as well and was fired as often as any of the other better-manned guns with a full crew of old sailors.

After a few days, Captain Cayle called all the crew to assembly on the deck and he read a notice thanking the crew for their faithful conduct. He gave notice to Admiral David Porter that he recommended me for a promotion to an officer's

rank Master's Mate. In a few days I got orders to report to Flagship for examination as to my qualifications for an officer. Suffice it to say I passed all right on the Captain's recommendation. My experience in the Army clear up to the second battle of Bull Run and, as they termed it, my conduct at the late battle of Fort Donelson were expressed as commendable.

I soon had my post, with emblem on my shoulder and a star on my sleeve with a gold bar and orders to report to the "U. S. S. Ram Samson" down near Vicksburg on the Mississippi River.

As was stated, our duty was to clean out the rebel nests of cannons all along the Mississippi River. We were more or less under fire every day.

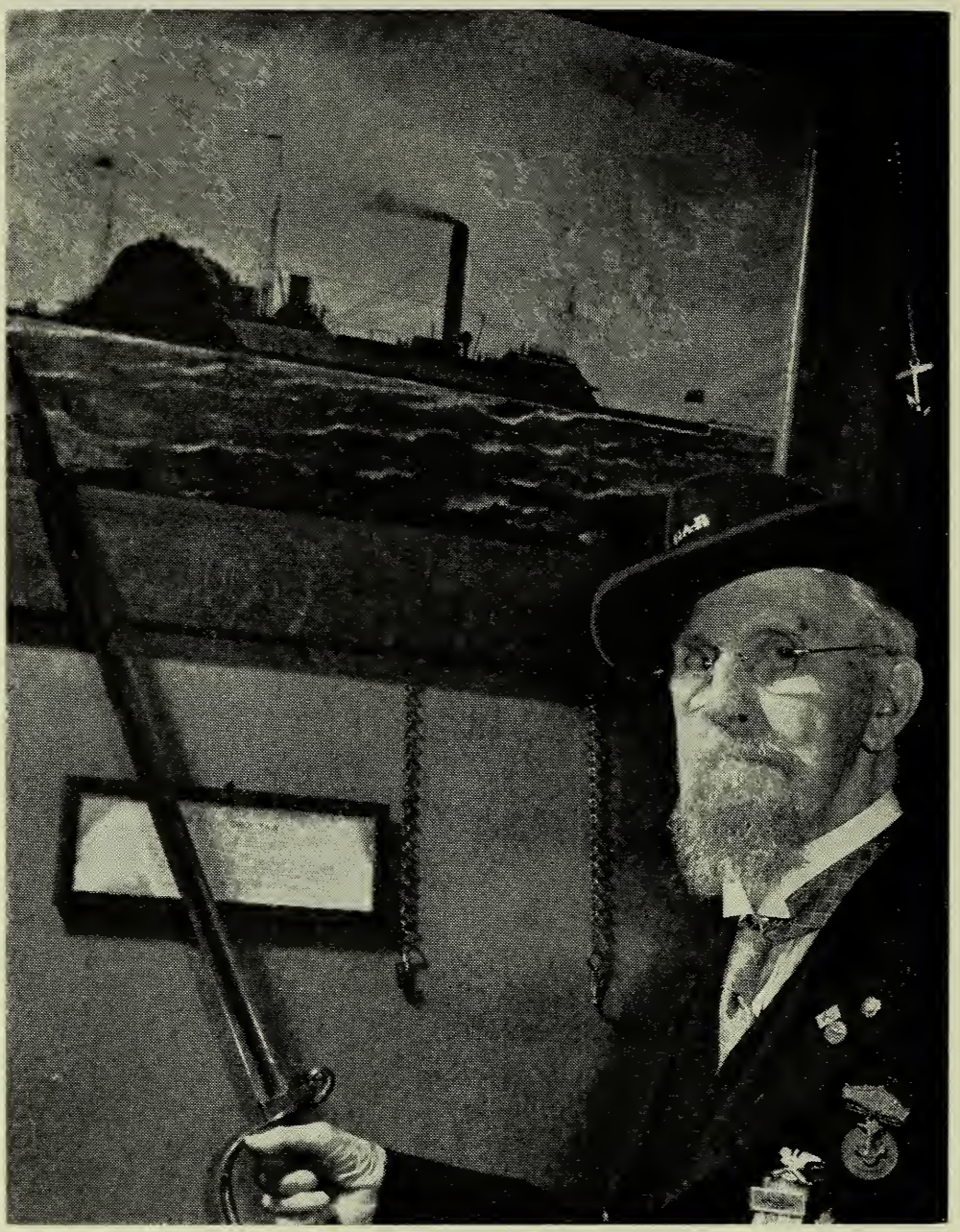
In the spring of 1864, General Banks planned the campaign up the Red River into Texas. We on the gun boats had to hold the rebels from sinking the steamships that carried troops and supplies. As my Captain had been promoted, I took his place commanding the vessel, "U. S. S. Ram Samson" for nearly two years. At Mansfield, Banks licked the rebels off but, being a heavy wooded country and no place to move an Army with supplies, Banks concluded to retreat and, as an apparent aid to the rebels, the water in the river began to fall.

The river fell so much that it endangered the gun boats going aground on the sand bars. All this is history!!

Several of the gun boats went aground and we decided to tow our coal barges up in line and chain them together expecting to sink them across the river from bank to bank. This raised the river about two feet so the vessels that were aground floated out. I kept my vessel in deep water so I was able to give much assistance in floating the barges into place for the improvised dam just below Alexandria, La. Admiral Porter seemed to recognize all our strenuous labor. (Rebel sharpshooters were busy from craggy hills or tree tops picking off officers where they had a chance with their long range rifles.)

Admiral Porter promoted me the second time, to the rank of Ensign—and I have a Medal of Honor No. 1192 for commendable service on the "U. S. S. Ram Samson."

As active service was now ended on the Western Waters, I was desirous to join Admiral Ferragut when he attacked Mobile.



ENSIGN GEORGE W. TAINTER

Posing with his Civil War sword. In background is shown *U.S.S. Choctaw*. Mississippi Expedition—Civil War.

So, I applied and was transferred to the large ironclad "Ram Choctaw," but we were too late, as Mobile fell before we got there.

Our vessel returned and anchored near the mouth of the Mississippi River for guard duty, watching for block runners that came in under cover of darkness with counterbank goods from England for the Confederates. They yet held Charleston and a few other ports of entry till the surrender of Appomattox.

* * * * *

The next day after the battle to recapture Fort Donalson by General Forrest, the rebels sent a flag of truce. I got permission to go with the squad to see what they wanted. They sought an officer of theirs who was killed the night before—and found his body. He was a Brigadier General named McKin. They buried him and marked a tree close by and, no doubt, after the close of the war disintered his remains to be buried elsewhere.

Well, strange to relate, years afterwards I was relating this incident to Bill Dose in Linn, Mo. (a school teacher)—Herman Gove well remembers him. We were sitting out on a bench one evening in front of Krone's Store. After I got through with my narrative, Mr. Sam Masby (attorney) came across the street and extended his hand, saying, "Doc, I heard your talk with Dose. I was at that fight and with the Flag of Truce." He said he was with General Forrest in the Ammunition Department.

That made Senator Masby (so titled) and I fast friends—the Blue and Grey. In later years, when he sickened and died, I watched over his bedside. I had Mrs. Tainter make a ribbon bow, Blue and Grey, and pinned it to the lapel of his shroud.

* * * * *

Returning to where I left off about the second battle of Fort Donalson or Canton, Tennessee as it is sometimes called:—

After the surrender of Appomattox, Jefferson Davis was fleeing through the south trying to reach Mexico where there was a Confederate force.

Our vessel and many other gunboats were ordered to watch at night all the usual places of crossing the Mississippi River. I had one point below Baton Rouge where I went at night with

a large rowboat called a Cutter. We anchored in the middle of the river. I had twelve sailors all well armed with Spencer's repeating rifles. The third night that we were on watch—about one o'clock past midnight, we heard sounds of oars and, later, as the moon came up, we could see the splash of water a couple of miles or more down the river. We cut loose from our anchor, left it hanging to a buoy so we could find it on our return. We pulled for what proved to be two persons, the man in the stern saying in a rough voice, "Pull down you," and holding a revolver that glistened—pointing to a negro who was rowing with all his might. Our Cutter soon overhauled them. The man was an officer with dispatches that he was sent ahead with (instructing Dick Taylor to meet Davis and his troop with cavalry at a certain place). I took him prisoner without resistance. The following day word came that Jeff Davis and his troop were captured by Wilson's Cavalry in Georgia.

His name was Colonel G. B. Beller from the Louisiana regiment. He said he was for preserving the Union until his state seceded, then he went into the State Service. He was kept on our vessel for two day and dined with our officers in our mess, as he called it; saying it was the best meals he had had for many days. He was paroled according to the code that Grant made and then sent ashore.

I will add, as you know, peace was declared April, 1865 but part of the Army and also the River Navy kept going till the fall of 1865; when I was honorably discharged. I have a metallic Medal of Honor No. 1192 and a written document that came with it explaining it was for commendable service and stated I was discharged at the Charlestown Massachusetts Navy Yard.

I was only a few blocks from my home which I, with great alacrity, sought and I found my dear Mother of sweet memory awaiting me, as she had been previously informed; also my two brothers—one an Ensign, Dean W. and Daniel who was a Naval vessel ship writer; also my sister, Sarah. It is needless to state they gave me a warm reception. After visiting a few surviving relations, I and my brothers found it lonesome at Charlestown, and we concluded to dispose of our residence and did so. We emigrated to Missouri—to St. Louis.

I tried to get a clerkship in St. Louis. There was a spell of depression, so we followed the advise of a stranger friend, and

took a train for a smaller town. My oldest brother had several thousand dollars; he thought to buy a farm.

Well, since we were sort of ex-sailors, we carried out the old adage of the sea, "Any Port in a Storm, etc."

So we took the train on the Union Pacific Railroad and went West to Hermann, 81 miles. At that time, after the war, Vineyard farms were on a boom. It struck us as being a nice and easy way to farm as we were all raised city boys. So my brother, Dean, purchased a farm near Hermann; 160 acres for several thousand dollars. I took a portion but it was all in the woods, so I hired a farmer to clear out a nice level hill top and the next spring I had three acres planted to grapes in rows 6 to 8 feet apart. To digress, I will say that my Vineyard was sold to Brother Dean, as he was very enthusiastic since the yield of wine was very good. So I helped my brother in his vineyard. I soon ran out of money and, being 25 years old, I soon found life monotonous and I was homesick. I told my brother I would go back next spring to God's Country—old Boston, Mass.

I have been asked on various occasions how I came to settle in the town of Hermann, it being exclusively a German-populated place. The Tainters were the only Americans there at that town. I recall a lawyer by the name of O'Neal humorously remarked to me that, "Until you folks came to Hermann, Mo., I was the only American and I am an Irishman." He gave a horse laugh at his remark.

About that time, in 1867, one day in the fall, a farmer rode down to my brother's home. He saluted "How do," the usual manner in the country. He told my brother that he was looking for a school teacher and was told there was a Yankee family of boys just settled here; and, no doubt, he would find one to teach the District School. My brother, after ascertaining his business, called me, "George, come down here. There is a man here that wants to see you." So I soon was there. I gave him the Salon's Salute which seemed to please him. He spoke first. "I have been told by a friend to come here and some of you Yankee boys would teach our school back in the hills about ten miles." My brother, Dean, who was older saw light ahead for me as he feared I would go back to our old home, Boston, Mass.

It was about dinner time and my brother invited him in to dine with us. It happened on Saturday and we had pork and

beans that all Yankees are fond of. As they had been baked in a brick oven superintended by a former slave Negro woman, they were just like we used to get in Boston at the Bake Shop; otherwise, German proclivities were more pronounced.

Well, I told the stranger I could not decide at once and would let him know in a week's time. He said, "All right, I will wait and come back next week."

As he was leaving we saw he was leading a spare horse with a saddle. My brother remarked that meant he was counting on my returning with him, but personally I had no notion to take a school. However, he was so cordial, my brother said, "Go home with him and see some of the back country." For the time being I wished he was in Jerico and I in Boston. Nevertheless, I concluded to go home with him and did so. I had never, as a city boy, ridden horseback and soon got a little chafed and my closefitting pants nipped a little. Off we went, but I did not strike any bargain. My first star experience was when we crossed what they called the Berger Creek. There had been a big rain, and my horse had to swim. That was something new to me. At first I noticed my horse was standing up nearly straight, as a horse will not swim as long as his feet will touch bottom. The farmer that I was with told me to give him the bit, not to pull or we might both float in the water. I was much frightened but was too proud to let on because I was an old Veteran Soldier. We swam over two deep creeks. I noticed that there were no bridges at that time, 1866. People afoot crossed on a big log tree that they had out and which reached from side to side.

At sundown we reached the farm house—a neat log building; two of them were set several feet apart so that it made an extra room between used for a kitchen. A kind of dope was used between the neatly hewn logs so that they were warm in Winter as well as cool in Summer.

The farmer's wife and two buxom red-cheeked daughters about 14 and 16 met us at the rail fence gate and the farmer said in German—this is our New Schule Lehrer—Lehrer in German means teacher.

Assuredly, they all gave me a hearty welcome. Soon we were seated at the table, as they had been expecting us. The ride had given me a big appetite. At the table, first, there was a quarter of roast venison (deer), the first I ever ate. You can bet I

soon ate enough to make my belt tight later. I soon found the German girls bright and intelligent talkers.

Later, being tired and sleepy, I was shown my bed in the next apartment log room. I had a nice bed and a feather bed to sleep on and one to cover with instead of a comforter.

The next morning after breakfast, I went with the farmer to see the school house. It was a large log building with a huge fireplace that took a four foot stick on irons to hold up. There were two tables with a bench on each side to sit on. The Teacher's desk was a plank laid on two long pegs from the long wall. The girls sat on one table side and the boys on the other table side. The books were mostly German, but one that was well worn and used was Noah Webster's blue back speller;—and McGuffey's Reader.

Soon two of the other School Directors came and after a little talk one said, "Mr. Tainter, what pay do you ask for teaching by the month?" I had not thought of that and asked him what they usually paid. He replied about $20 per month and the teacher boarded with the pupils—that is, one day each if there were 30 pupils, and next month commence again.

Saturday and Sunday, I went to my brother Dean's home, two miles from Hermann.

I will state how and when I met my Waterloo. One Sunday, July 18, 1866; I and brother Dan took a walk, a mile out from Brother Dean's home and vineyard. We called at a nice vineyard farm; the owner's name was Fireback. As we were new neighbors, we were cordially welcomed. It happened that two young girls, about 20 years of age, were also callers and had preceded us. The name of one of the ladies was Lizzy Redemeyer and the other, Mary Weinert. They were sociable and we enjoyed their company.

Toward sundown they said that they must soon be going home. They lived in town. Miss Redemeyer was the merchant's daughter and Miss Weinert was the jeweller's daughter but she was more in St. Louis as she clerked for her brother, Louis, who kept a jewelry store. Well, as they started to leave I asked that I and brother Dan would be pleased to escort them home.

They politely consented and inadvertently I walked with Miss Weinert. Now and then along the roadside she sought a four leaf clover and then she quit suddenly. I later learned that

she had found one and she told me later it indicated good luck. The good luck, as I learned later, was a mutual regard and later ripened into love.

I found it interesting to go to town three or four times during the week. My homesick complaint about returning to Boston was cured. I changed my mind about God's Country to Missouri and two years later Miss Mary Weinert and I were married on my 27th birthday, 1868.

We went to St. Louis and Rev. Father Hemming officiated. As I was a Protestant at that time, we were married in the St. Louis Cathedral Parsonage. In later years I became a convert Catholic and we passed 71 years of a happy wedded life.

As a school teacher and during the interim of several months, I practiced Photography and later took to Dentistry.

I was the only dentist in Osage, Gasconade, and Maries counties and the only one in Franklin County outside of the town of Washington.

My wife, one of the dearest and a very good home manager, helped to save and encouraged my attending the Indiana Dental College. At the age of 42, while following a general practice, I looked to the future standing as a D.D.S. and in 1885 I received the professional degree.

I had a fair practice at Linn, Osage County, Mo. of nearly fifty years. In 1926 I retired and moved to St. Charles, Mo. where I enjoyed being closer to my children and kindred.

My greatest grief was the demise of my darling wife on December 1, 1939, but I feel assured she won the highest reward in God's Kingdom.

BORN IN HAPPY WEDLOCK WERE
THREE SONS AND A DAUGHTER.
GEORGE W. JR. - MABEL J. - FRANK J. and WALTER G.

Dr. George W. Tainter, Sr., Later D.D.S.
Posed with his beloved wife, Mrs. Mary A. Tainter, at the celebration of their 70th wedding anniversary.

Addendum

Contributed by the Author

Still extolling the attributes of Colonel Tainter the title he was best known by

He attained the record age of 102 years. His physique was excellent and he never experienced a sick day of any consequence; his habits were regular, and of even temper; and extremely active at all times. His policy for staying fit was to perform some manual work and daily setting-up exercises. He imbibed neither tobacco nor alcoholic drinks but was fond of coffee. He possessed a copious head of hair which was only slightly grey. As for artificial dentures—he needed none.

His home life was a happy one with a truly loveable helpmate who had all the characteristics of a Bohemian girl. They celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary in a home that was a welcome mecca for all the relatives.

He was a copious correspondent and was often sought after by interviewers. Although being slightly reserved he always enjoyed good humor and could provoke the same. Colonel Tainter was a gifted entertainer and possessed voluminous experiences from boyhood days of winter frolics coasting down Bunker Hill, Boston to his retiring days at St. Charles, Mo. 1943. Incidentally, and almost unbelievably, that very sled is still in existence among the family heirlooms—it was fabricated from discarded lumber of the U. S. Frigate "Constellation."

His entire war record is very interesting. He answered Abraham Lincoln's first call for troops to protect the Union, and walked all night to be among the first to enlist at Watertown, a distance of 10 miles, where his ancestors of the Revolutionary War fought their first battle with the British. He fought in Hooker's Division, the army of the Potomac, until wounded at the Second Battle of Bull Run. He relates that a Confederate Doctor dressed his wounds with strips torn from his shirt and

also used it for some of the wounded Confederates. Colonel Tainter, with a twinkle in his eyes, remarked: "That was one time when the Union and the Rebel wore the same bloody shirt."

After convalescence, he re-enlisted in the Navy under Admiral Porter of the Mississippi River Expedition and when discharged ranked as Ensign of Gunboat "Choctaw." One of his most cherished relics was an old flag of the "Choctaw."

He was bestowed with a Medal of Honor for distinguished service in the Red River Expedition by the Federal Commission. After the Civil War he took Horace Greeley's advice and "went West." Missouri being the gateway to the West, he landed at Hermann, Mo. and engaged in school teaching and conducted an art gallery. When opportunity presented itself, he concluded to take up the practice of dentistry under instructions of a tutor. However, he was not satisfied with only meager instructions and a mere handful of instruments, which meant limited practice for rugged emergencies. He craved higher professionalism and, at the age of 42, attended the Indiana Dental College and obtained a D.D.S. Degree in two years.

He located at Linn, Mo. in the so-called "foot hills of the Ozarks." Being the only dentist in three counties, it was really pioneering. That ante-dated the use of any anesthetic, or even the existence of a dental engine. The whole complement of dental equipment could be carried in a buggy in those days. He was advised by relatives from the East not to introduce such a thing as a dental engine because they heard it would ruin his practice.

He related that while enroute from one county seat to another he would meet individuals who would want an aggravating tooth removed. Without much ado, a tree stump or a log along the roadside provided a place to lean against. It is related that on one of these occasions a drummer (commercial salesman) happened along the road and, seeing an unusual commotion ahead, concluded there was a brutal hold-up in real tragic form, so he whipped up his horses back to town and reported "The James Gang was coming." The glittering forceps and sprawling figure on the ground caused the delusion, no doubt.

Gov. Hadley of Missouri selected him on his official staff, thus conferring the title of "Colonel" which he carried ever

after; but he modestly contended "The title was earned the easy way."

He attended many Presidential inaugurations and rarely missed a National Encampment of Civil War Veterans (G.A.R.).

On two occasions he was honored as a guest of St. Louis and led the parade on Navy Day. He was one of only two surviving veterans of the Civil War within the St. Louis area at that time.

For 50 years he engaged in active practice of his profession and held membership in the State and National Associations. He was an influential member of the Masonic Order but later became a convert to the Catholic Faith.

His last few surviving days drew to a close by a noticeable drowsiness and, finally lapsing into a quiet sleep, he died on March 26th, 1943. He was buried with military honors in St. Charles Cemetery, March 28th, 1943.

A last request was "to plant a tree at his grave so birds could mingle among the branches."

The 62nd General Assembly was in session at Jefferson City, Mo. at that time and the House of Representatives extended House Resolution No. 134 of sincere sympathy and ordered the resolution be printed in the *Journal.*

The resolution was signed by Leonard E. Newton, Chief Clerk and Howard Elliott, Speaker of Missouri House of Representatives.

Dr. George W. Tainter, Sr.
In retirement at St. Charles, Mo., he lived to be 101 years and 8 months.

Abridged Contribution

THE FOUR brothers of the 7th generation consisted of Dean W., Daniel W., George W., William H. Tainter—all having enlisted in the Civil War, and are briefly summarized as best the author could supply from the brief time at hand.

ENSIGN DEAN W. TAINTER No. 417 was born in Boston, Mass., January 27th, 1836 and married Sarah Adams, January 23rd, 1859. At her demise he remarried Sarah Jane Cowdry (Bolles).

He was a broker in Boston, Mass. until Lincoln's call for troops to serve in the Civil War. He then enlisted in the Navy, and as a Naval Officer, was stationed at Cairo, Ill. on the Mississippi River. At the conclusion of the Civil War he returned to his old home.

Being absent for nearly five years brought about a feeling the "old town is not what it used to be." This engendered a desire to seek his fortune somewhere in the "out west." At a reunion of the entire family consisting of four brothers, a mother, and sister, they concluded to sell everything and emigrate to St. Louis, Mo. since that was regarded as the Gateway for outfitting expeditions to the Great West. While there, the lucrative industry of grape culture at Hermann, Mo. appealed to them so he invested in a grape plantation which proved successful. Later on, wanting to expand, he recognized that in this Ozark country water power for milling was on the wan, so he proceeded to erect a steam flour mill. Unfortunately, the steam boiler exploded and wrecked everything. Also evident about this time, the grape industry had become less profitable.

His conclusion now was to start over again in a new location, so he moved to Vienna, Mo. But by "changing base" he lost friends and also his political standing, as at Hermann, Mo. he was elected State Representative of Gasconade County. He always was contented and raised a family of two boys and a daughter—Mary E. Tainter, Andrew Cowdry Tainter, and Lincoln S. Tainter.

The Ozark country proved too primitive for one of his ambition and ability. He was offered and accepted a position as manager at a Lumbering Company at Hot Springs, North Carolina.

He cherished many relics and kept a valued diary. He owned an old Governor Winthrop desk, also an old Flint Lock Musket that was handed down by his great-grand-father of the Revolutionary War. Also a book entitled "Grounds of Religion" wherein is inscribed the signature of Benjamin Tainter in 1705. The present owner, Andrew C. Tainter, was told to offer it for sale "Since it would help in the expense of building a new home, etc." but the book, in his estimation, was the most valuable.

Ensign Dean Tainter remained with the Lumber Company until its dissolution. He resumed his political writing and through this he formed a close friendship with Senator J. C. Pritchard (later a Judge). He was forced to retire due to a lingering illness of bronchial trouble from which he was unable to recover, and died March 15th, 1896. He was buried with military honors at Hot Springs, North Carolina beside his second wife.

Daniel W. Tainter No. 418 was born Feb. 22nd, 1858; enlisted in the U. S. Navy and was known as a "Ship writer." After the war he was engaged in a "Gold Pensman Industry" at Cincinnati.

He married Anna Maria Ritter of Nauvoo, Ill., Nov. 1st, 1874 and lived at Nauvoo, Ill. After the death of his wife on April 1st, 1888, he lived with his three sons at Lagonda, Mo.—Dr. Paul, George, and Burage; also a daughter, Flossie, who, being only three years old, made her home with her uncle and aunt, Dr. Geo. W. Tainter, Sr., at Linn, Mo.

He was a free lancer and divided his time visiting relatives. Being a good conversationalist and of a humorist disposition made him a welcome guest anywhere. He died on November 20th, 1917 at National Military Home, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.

Ensign George W. Tainter No. 420—eulogized in previous pages.

William H. H. Tainter No. 422 was born December 27th, 1845. He held a fine salaried office as "Assistant Collector of

Revenue" in the U. S. Custom House at Kansas City, Mo. for some 18 years. He married Lizette Werner and had a family of three daughters and a son—Alice, May, Maud, and Willie. His wife died in April, 1883. He then married a widow, Dr. Henretta McConnell of Kansas City, Mo. She died in 1905 and he again married a widow, Mrs. Mary Erskine of St. Louis, Mo. He died on April 16th, 1928. He had accumulated considerable data and was preparing to revise the Tainter Genealogy from 1859 and bring it up to date when all was lost in a fire.

Notes Pertaining to

Joseph Weinert and His Wife, Josephine

As Related by Mary A. Tainter (Nee Weinert), Their Daughter

They emigrated from Prague, Bohemia in 1848, landing at New Orleans, La. and voyaged up the Mississippi River to Racine, Wisconsin in 1848. He had ample means and a large family, and desired to avoid the draft in Bohemia. It was also appealing to locate here where many old acquaintances had preceded them.

Being an expert jeweler, he finally located at Hermann, Mo. in 1858 and was regarded as official time keeper for the Missouri Pacific Railway.

Mrs. Weinert's sister, Mrs. Kate Schollmeyer, a widow, visited them from Prague, and upon her returning requested to take one of the daughters along and selected Mary A. (later becoming the wife of Ensign G. Tainter).

In 1860 Mary A. was returned to her family. She was well educated by a private Tutor and traveled much through resorts in Bohemia.

In the year 1861 all was astir, Civil War had been declared. The greatest event of the Civil War, with regards to Hermann, was when the Confederate General Price made his raid through the state from the East diagonally across through Franklin-Gasconade counties on to Jefferson City to meet General Marmaduke, 1864. (G. W. Tainter, at this related time, was down south along the fighting lines.)

* * * * *

Further information was gleaned from the experiences of Mary A. who was home during the Civil War

* * * * *

As to General Price and General Marmaduke, they were in quest of recruits and sought horses and saddles. Upon reaching

the craggy town of Hermann, General Marmaduke camped on, and back of, Tenhouse Farm intending to descend upon the town from the east side. A few citizens of Hermann remained and also some older soldiers formerly of Germany. They had one single Cannon—5 inch caliber. This they hauled out and mounted on the Court House Hill. They loaded it with solid shot. As they waited several days, the rebels finally massed on the Tenhouse bluff awaiting reinforcements by rail. Just as the train arrived, (loaded with rebel soldiers) coming around the bluff, they fired the old cannon in that direction, where hundreds of rebels had gathered. It halted them for the time being. It was several hours before further advances were made by the rebels.

As the cannoneer had no ammunition to reload and fire a second shot; they, of course, beat a retreat to the back woods. It seemed by that one shot that the valley and woods were full of Union troops awaiting their advance.

Quoting Mrs. Mary A. Tainter (nee Weinert) she adds that all valuable jewelry, as a precaution, was buried in the back yard and Mr. Weinert, her father, was hidden up in the garrett for a few days till the Rebels evacuated on their march to Jefferson City.

During those few days, all daughters and many of the women had left town and sought safe haven on Graft's Island, some two miles west of Hermann. They had left Hermann by squads in skiffs a few days before the Rebel Army came on the scene (they had been provided with provisions, etc.)

They felt and were safe, as all the boats and conveyances by water had been taken away. From Graft's Island, the young folks could see the Freen Creek Bridge burning at night.

* * * * *

Quotation from Ensign George W. Tainter:

> "My wife, Mary, often speaks of that little experience she had of the Civil War. I, myself, was down around Vicksburg during that particular period."

* * * * *

Relating back again to Hermann, there was one traitor citizen who made it his business to be a goody-good with the Rebels,

offering to chaperone them around to where they might find valuables. One place they had been directed to was the Brewery. There was a dark cellarway back in the hill used to store ice in those days during the winter time. It was an ideal place to secrete belongings. The Weinerts filled a large chest, such as was used by the early emigrants. It was filled with choice linens, etc. that were brought from Europe.

On top of all this Mrs. Weinert had a flag—OLD GLORY—some 5 or 6 feet in size which she usually had flying in front of her home. She seemed to feel her goods under the Old Flag would be safe. They said that when the searching party discovered Old Glory on top; they cussed, and with oaths they scattered the contents all over the floor and proceeded to open the faucets of the large hogheads and flooded the cellar several inches deep. The soldiers looted much; taking eatables from the smoke house, etc. and then left.

Appendix

Odds and Ends

The following excerpt was derived from various sources, and does emulate a Tainter pride that many of his ancestors have contributed well toward the world's progress.

Charles Sumner Tainter No. 434, 7th generation, was a noted physicist and inventor, and contributed much towards scientific equipment for the government, etc.

He is regarded as possibly the first in the World's History to demonstrate wireless telephony. Due to this discovery, the Boston Association of Science in 1880 elected him Fellow of the organization in recognition of his part of the invention. He likewise was awarded a gold medal and a diploma at the Electrical Exposition in Paris in 1881 and recognition from many other institutions.

The *National Cyclopedia* stated it was about this time that Alexander Graham Bell and Tainter became interested in Edison's Phonograph and in 1881 Tainter perfected the first machine designed for recording sound in solid resisting materials. This he called the graphophone and it was the first practical commercial machine. It was, however, a forerunner of the modern Dictaphone.

It is said Tainter's original machine and the first record were sealed up in a box which was placed in a vault of the Smithsonian Institution in 1881 and remained there untouched for fifty-six years. At his request, the box was opened October 27th, 1937 and when the machine was set in motion it produced the identical voice of Bell, quoting a passage from Shakespeare.

In the year 1934, he was an emeritus life member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science having been a Fellow for fifty-five years.

In the talking machine industry he was known as the "Father" of the "Talkies." *Source: National Cyclopedia of American Biography.*

Dr. Frank J. Tainter was a very successful surgeon and had a national reputation as a plastic surgeon. He was chief-of-staff at St. Anthony's Hospital in St. Louis and also on the staff of St. Joseph's Hospital at St. Charles, Mo. and professor of anatomy at St. Louis University.

He served in the World War overseas in neuro-surgery, and ranked as Lieutenant Colonel. He did much research work and had compiled considerable data, models, and X-rays for a text book but his untimely death ended his ambition—Jan. 1st, 1953.

His choice of operation was the head. He once remarked, "give me the anatomy above the shoulders and the others can have the rest of the body to operate upon."

He carried the titles of M.D., C.M., F.A.C.S., F.I.C.S.

Jeremiah Tainter was the inventor of the famous "Tainter Gates" which is employed in dam construction for confining and controlling the water flow. He secured several patents between the years 1875 and 1881 which design was basic fundamentally.

Engineers for nearly 100 years used this principle in dam construction both in this and foreign countries.

It is recognized and carries the name, "Tainter Gates."

Source: Engineers New Record.

Mrs. Sarah D. Tainter (nee Willis), mother of Ensign G. W. Tainter (420) 7th generation, could trace her ancestors to George Willis who emigrated from England to America in 1630. She was also a descendant of Francis Cooke who embarked from England on the *Mayflower* in 1620.

The Willises were editors and journalists. Nathaniel Willis established several newspapers and was founder of the *Youth Companion* which was considered the finest contribution to journalism. Nathaniel Willis was a cousin to Mrs. Sarah D. Tainter.

Reference: The World Book Encyclopedia.

The following is a list of 9 Tainters who served in the Revolutionary War. This information would be of service to any qualified person who wishes to make application for membership in the D.A.R. organization (Daughters of the American Revolution).

Abijah Tainter, Sergeant, Capt. James Greenwood's Co.
Eaires Tainter, Private, Capt. Samuel Bernard's Co.
Benjamin Tainter, Fifer, Capt. Seth Morse's Co.
Benjamin Tainter, Jr., Private, Capt. Edmund Brigham's Co.
Cyrus Tainter, Private, Capt. Phineas Stearn's Co.
Daniel Tainter, Private, Capt. Benjamin Allton's Co.
Joel Tainter, Corporal, Capt. Andrew Elliot's Co.
John Tainter, Private, Capt. Phineas Stearn's Co.
Nahum Tainter, Private, Capt. Andrew Elliot's Co.
Stephen Tainter, Col. Cushing's Regiment.
Source: Mass. Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution, Bond's Watertown Genealogy, American Ancestry, New England History, etc.

The following are descendants (of Ensign G. W. Tainter) who served in recent wars.

Frank J. Tainter
Edison G. Tainter
George W. Tainter II
Nathaniel A. Tainter
James Tainter
Richard G. Tainter
Robert F. Tainter

Copied from Original

Tainter Genealogy

Compiled and Published by

Dean H. Tainter No. 417, 1859

Lineal descendants of Joseph Tainter who sailed from England, April A.D. 1638 and settled in Watertown, Mass.:

"Le Teynterer" "Taynterer" "Taynter" etc.

(1)	Joseph Taynter	1st generation
(9)	Simon	2nd generation
(19)	John	3rd generation
(51)	Eaires	4th generation
(108)	William	5th generation
(213)	Daniel	6th generation
(420)	George W., Sr.	7th generation—1860—last generation mentioned in Original Tainter Genealogy.

A Copy of the 8th Generation Is Shown Here and Suggests How to Proceed With All Others

8th Generation	Family	
George W. Tainter, Jr., b. May 5, 1869 at Hermann, Mo.	Edison	—9th generation
	Chauncey	—9th generation
	Marguerite	—9th generation
	Frederich	—9th generation
	Gregory	—9th generation
	Milton	—9th generation
m. Margaret A. Bockrath of Jefferson City, Mo. on Nov. 11, 1897	Elaine	—9th generation
	George Jr., I	—9th generation
	Nathanial	—9th generation

N.B. For further data up to the 12th generation ending 1960, consult the graphic diagram of "Tainter Family Tree."

Notation

Throughout the Genealogy it is noticeable that the family name is not always spelled alike. Evidently it did not affect

legality, as the same documents often used more than one form of spelling.

In a remote period of France, the LeTaint (Le Tainturer, the dyer man) name was adopted from being a "dyer" by occupation. It was Norman French and some of that name, in the 11th century, went with William the Conqueror into England. About the year 1806, the British Parliament undertook to print some of the earlier Norman Latin Records by dropping superfluous syllables from original names; also substituted for the long letter "y" a more easily written letter "i."

N.B. Figures inscribed within a circle () refer to notations used in the original Tainter Family Genealogy Book.

This emblem, consisting of Coat of Arms on a Shield, and surmounted by a Crest, belongs to English Heraldry. It represents a period during the reign of Henry I of the 11th Century at which time William the Conqueror is referred to on previous page.

The original Genealogy had a paragraph contributed by the author (Dean W. Tainter) which is emulating and worthy to quote:

To

The Rising Generation

Of Our Name

May They

Follow in the Footsteps

Of Their

Forefathers,

Emulate Their

Godliness, Industry and Patriotism,

And Transmit to Posterity an

Untarnished Name

Copies of this booklet are available; also a diagram of the Tainter Family Tree, by addressing Dr. George W. Tainter, Jr., 130 McDonough Street, St. Charles, Mo.